

Red vs Blue: Reconciliation

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Category: Halo

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-04-21 20:39:25

Updated: 2012-06-07 23:48:45

Packaged: 2016-04-27 01:16:13

Rating: M

Chapters: 6

Words: 5,048

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: It's been a while since the Red and Blue team in Blood Gulch have seen any action. It turns out, the aliens won. Now the women and children have spread to unwanted territory. Where they are. But one of them knows Caboose. Before he was the Caboose we know

1. Reconciliation 1

****Red vs. Blue: Reconciliation****

A HightoppsMadness Fanfiction

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It was early morning when the Reds in Valhalla awoke, not that anyone could tell. Unless you had a clock, you would never know what time of day it was, as the light from the three suns shining down on the area would keep the place in daylight at all times. As the Reds rubbed the sleep from their eyes, Sarge had taken on a new form of psychosis.

"Simmons! Fix that crooked armor plate, soldier!" Sarge barked.
"Grif! Do something useful, for the love of God!"

They spent the early hours cleaning the base, something had needed to be done for quite some time. Donut turned to the two older soldiers who cleaned with him.

"So, why is Sarge so tense today? We haven't even done our customary five laps yet!"

Simmons pulled off his maroon helmet, revealing his young face. "Sarge's daughter is coming. He wants this place to be perfect for when she gets here."

"How do you know all this stuff?" Grif asked him.

"Why else would I constantly try to stay on his good side? I find out all the good information before you, dipshit." Simmons smirked. In the distance, a 'Pelican' was heard, and Sarge started to panic.

"Donut! Dust faster! I can't have my little girl seeing this place a dump!"

"Yes sir!" Donut complied quickly, using the duster to the best of his ability. The 'Pelican' landed just outside, and several people came out.

"Oh sweet Jesus! She's here! Quick everyone! Assemble!" Sarge called out, and the team lined up, standing straight as boards.

A group of armor clad people entered the premises, led by a lilac soldier and a light pink soldier. The group was solemn, as if it was a great burden to be there. The two leaders approached Sarge, and the group started loading supplies off the 'Pelican'.

"Hello, Father," the lilac soldier saluted. "Red Base looks nice. Perfect for these refugees."

"Holly, what in the Hell is going on here?" Sarge saluted back, and the light pink soldier took off her helmet to reveal a older looking woman. "Betty?"

"Yes, Sarge," the woman, Betty, replied. "It's me. I know you said your wife would be in danger on the battle field, but right now, it's the safest place."

"You see, Dad," Holly took over, as Betty started crying. "Earth has been taken. We lost to the aliens, and the Command sent the women and children over to the most secure bases of the Red and Blue armies. Half of this group is staying here, and the other half, including me, are being assigned to the Blue Base, though they have not been alerted yet."

A heavy silence settled over the army, taking in the information, as Holly summed up the information simply. "We are here to try to rebuild what we can, perhaps repopulate. That's all we can do. Earth has been lost."

2. Reconciliation 2

A violet armored woman took off her helmet to show her face as she spoke. "Agent Alaska, the supplies have been recovered. The Red base is secure. Should we make introductions to the current residents?"

"Yes. Father, could you?" Holly, or Agent Alaska, looked to Sarge, who was holding his crying wife, whom he had not seen in

years.

"What? Oh, yes. That one in the maroon is Simmons, the orange one is Grif, and the pink one-"

"Lightish Red!" the group corrected him.

"Whatever, lightish red one is Donut." Sarge plowed on, uncaring of the situation. He had hoped his reunion with his family would have been a happier one. He stroked a gray streak through Betty's golden hair.

Simmons took charge from there. "It would be best if we set up a connection with the Blues, can someone go down there to establish information and quarters?"

"I can with Holly," the violet armored woman spoke. Her mocha skin was clear, but showed signs of stress, evident by the fear in her chocolate brown eyes. "Captain Lois Greenberg, at your service."

"Thank you, Lois, but I can do that myself," Holly pointed her towards a few female soldiers trying to gather the shards of their civilization. "Can you go help those people? They have to get the quarters up and the fields established. After all, we can't depend on Command bringing us any more of anything. We have to start from scratch." She marched down to Blue Base, finding only a dark blue soldier standing at his post.

"Hello?" Holly called. "Is there anyone here I can talk to? I am Freelancer Alaska, er, Holly Sarge."

"Hello, Ms. Alaska. I'm Michael J. Caboose, but you can just call me Caboose." the blue soldier seemed... strange. Like a child in a man's body. "I can talk to you. How was your day?"

Holly rolled with it. This was the military, not a science laboratory, she shouldn't expect everyone to speak with a great vocabulary. Or IQ. "Pretty crappy, actually. All these people have come here, because Earth has been taken over by the aliens."

"Well that's not very nice of them." Caboose seemed honestly irritated. "Can we help some of the fleeing people?"

"Yes, that was just what I was coming here to ask you about." Holly liked where this was going. Maybe the war wasn't as bad as the Freelancer Program had designed it to be. Perhaps all of these people could establish a successful colony and survive. "We have about five people that need a place to live, and we already have five people living at the Red base."

"I think that can be arranged." Caboose looked into the open doorway of the base. "HEY CHURCH! THERE'S A LADY HERE THAT NEEDS HELP!"

"I can help her!" called back a voice. "Bow chicka bow wow..."

"Shut up, Tucker!" another voice called. A soldier with raven black hair and cyan armor stepped out into the daylight.

"Director..." Holly breathed. "It...It's been so long." she ripped

her helmet off, and her golden hair fell to frame her moon shaped face. Her eyes were so blue they appeared violet, and her lips parted in recognition. She knew that face. That was her Director. She stood straight as possible. "Sir. Agent Alaska, at your service. It's been a long time, Director. It's good to see you in good health."

3. Reconciliation 3

Church didn't know what to say. It had been awhile since he had run into a freelancer. He honestly didn't know who she was. But then the memories started to hit him.

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Texas was with him in the planning room. The ranks were up on the large screen that illuminated the room.

"She's too young," Texas looked at the file on the smaller screen on the table before them. "And she has no formal training. Just a weird military dad in some ditch several planets from here. She's a liability."

"She is the newest freelancer in our program, Alison. Clearly, you have not seen her fight. I haven't seen anyone as good as she is. She's even more ruthless than you. But she doesn't only have that side. She's compassionate, something that this program needs more of. Not just mercenaries, but a true military style agent." the Director's deep Southern drawl pulled on his words in just a way that made him seem arrogant, but rightfully so. A video feed pulled up above the rank board. "Today she took on Maine, Carolina, Washington, and North Dakota. Guess who won?"

The video played on, a high definition picture that captured all five agents's movements. North Dakota and Washington had a natural swagger about them, as if they were completely comfortable in the situation. Carolina was just starting her maintenance update, checking that every piece of the assigned weaponry they were to use was in top condition. Main was staring at his target; the young girl was about twenty, with wide violet blue eyes and lilac armor. There was nothing really special about her.

The golden ringlets her hair made hung in her pale face, obscuring her vision. She checked her paint gun once, twice, then checked the paint bullets themselves. The chemical reaction they gave could expand and harden, leaving the victim unable to continue. They weren't lethal, even at point blank range. A pity. That Agent Maine was creepy enough to make her want to shoot him to kingdom come.

"So, what are you doing this weekend?" North Dakota asked.

"On a date," the youth replied, her voice like sickly sweet honey. "With York. Sorry, North. First come, first serve." She pulled the lilac helmet on, and ran a hand over the dark blue stripe that ran down the middle. "Maybe next time."

"Sorry, I was asking for Maine." North joked, gesturing to his white armored friend. "Pretty girls make him nervous."

"Shut the Hell up," Maine tried to growl, though his scarred vocal cords wouldn't allow it, and he hefted his paint rifle. His voice was hardly recognizable, it was so deep and gravelly.

"Alright, I'm ready." Washington loaded the paint gun. He looked to his fellow freelancers. "Anyone else want to keep talking?"

"Simulation 0045193 running," the F.I.L.S.S unit announced.
"Beginning, now."

Instantly the atmosphere was no longer a friendly one, and paint bullets flew every which way possible, and even a few that weren't.

"How did that gun fire BACKWARDS?" Washington looked at the spent paint behind him. "Worst shot ever. Of all time!" A paint bullet clocked him in the neck, followed by five shots to the rest of his joints. "Son of a BITCH!"

"No worries, Wash," Carolina shot around a pillar. "There's no way she can get-" Paint splattered over her gun and arm, rendering her useless. "-all of us."

"So, Alaska," North grinned at the lilac target as they shot at each other. "What do you see in York? The guy's a total douche."

"That's a nice thing to say about your best friend." Alaska shot him in the leg. "He's sweet and funny. And he doesn't call his friends a douche."

"Funny," he retorted as he hit the floor. "I wonder what he DOES call me. Hey Maine, do you know?"

Maine let out a full clip of live ammo into Alaska's back, legs, and head at point blank.

"Oh, Shit!" North looked at the white soldier spattered in the girl's blood. "What the fuck did you do THAT for? I need a medical team here, NOW!"

Medical teams were standing by, and rushed in to help the young woman. "She's fine. A little worse for ware, but overall, she's lucky to be in such good condition. Or alive."

The recording ended, and Texas looked to the Director. "See? She can't win a fight like that, she can't survive on the battlefield."

"You're missing the point, Agent Texas," the Director snapped. "She is the best at what she does, and very good at the things she does not. She is a doctor, and a strategist. She figured what Maine was going to do, and took that into account. She took the easy, fair playing targets out first. I checked her gun. After two more shots, she had nothing but live ammunition in the clip. She was going to shoot Maine until he was pushing up daises. Maybe you should learn to plan ahead like she did, and also put extra kevlar in your armor. It saved her."

4. Reconciliation 4

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"Uh, yeah. Hey, just so you know, I'm not the Director. I'm Epsilon. But you can just call me Church." Church looked at the freelancer, and noticed subtle scars across her neck, face, and throat.

"Yes, sir. I've come to alert you of our presence, and ask that you offer your base as quarters."

"What?" Church blinked. "Uh, what?"

"Well," Caboose stepped in. "Basically, the Earth has been taken over by the aliens, so now all the women and children have been sent where the aliens won't look. In small bases all over the galaxy. Like here!"

"WHAT?" Church was shocked, but Caboose went on.

"Yeah, no alien wants this place, so they sent whoever they could to recolonize the human population. Hmmm, population. That makes me want some popcorn. Church, do we have any of that?"

"What? You know what, never mind. No, there is no popcorn. Yes, the people can stay here." Church looked into the base. "Tucker! Clear the extra rooms, we've got a lot of people coming over to stay!"

"For how long?" Tucker asked, followed by a quiet "Bow chicka bow wow."

"Um, forever." Church replied. "Earth is now alien territory. And since no one cares about this BACKWATER CRAP HOLE anyway, they just sent the women and children here."

"Um, rage much?" Holly could tell Church would have taken offence to the thought of being in a remote area for the majority of the war, but the pent up frustration was on a whole other level.

"Sorry, I've just been stuck with these idiots for much longer than I had hoped. It's getting to the point where I'm reliving memories, the conversations are so similar."

"Well, the Director told me once, 'if you're going to live in a memory, why not live in a good one?' He was always nice like that. It made no sense back then. But now, I'm not sure." Holly offered words of comfort, but all it seemed to do was make him depressed.

"Alright, whatever. Just bring over the new people soon. I can't take much more of this." Church sighed and left. "Take Caboose with you. He's dumb, but he can lift."

Holly nodded and took Caboose along by the hand. His gloves were slightly slick with the sweat from his palms, and he seemed troubled.

"What's wrong?" Holly had a mind to ask.

"You make me nervous." Caboose admitted. "The last lady I knew was mean. In fact, all the ladies I knew were mean. Sheila, Tex, Carolina-

"Wait, you knew Tex and Carolina?" Holly stopped. Right now, it was Alaska time.

"Sure! Tex was Church's girlfriend who died. A lot. And Carolina was the mean lady who made us help murder the Director." Caboose nodded.

"Good. That son of a whore needed to die," Holly glared at the ground, and snapped out of the dark thoughts that clouded her mind. "Anyway, we have five people staying at Blue base, and five staying at the Red base."

"That means we will have..." Caboose did the math in his head slowly. "Two people per room."

"That's fine with me. But Caboose?" Holly looked over the hill, seeing the progress the reds had made.

"Yes, Ms. Alaska?" Caboose looked towards his new friend.

"Do you want to room with me?" Holly glanced sideways through her visor to see Caboose nod enthusiastically.

"Of course! So far, you're the nicest lady I've met! Even nicer than that one lady in the REACH campaign who gave me a cylinder*" Caboose took her hand tighter into his. "We're going to be best friends. Well, maybe not BEST friends. Church is my best friend. We play Hide Don't Seek all the time. And we go together like chocolate and peanut candy!"

"Uh...Huh, well, I can live with that." she withdrew a rubber band from a pouch and took off her helmet, tying her hair up. "Second best is still a best. Right?"

"Right!" Caboose ran ahead. "Let's go get those poor ladies to some shelter!"

They ran at top speed down the hill, and Sarge looked up just in time to see them hand in hand.

"You've got to be shitting me," Sarge growled. "Not only a Blue, but the dumbest Blue I've ever seen. If that becomes my son in law, I'm gonna be pissed."

"Honey, Holly is a free spirit. She'll do what she wants, even if it's just to piss you off." Betty warned. "Don't call her on it. Or you know she'll date him to spite you. After that 'girls are too weak for the military track' thing, she's been proving you wrong for years."

5. Reconciliation 5

making them weary. The women of the blue base, including Lois Greenberg, had taken to bunking together, especially after a few words from Tucker. The four rooms were arranged so that Church and

Tucker would be in the same room, much to both of their displeasure.

"What?" Tucker waved his arms in the air. "Five chicks and CABOOSE is the ONLY one to get a girl in bed with him? Aw, fuck this!"

"Goodnight, Director, Tucker. See you two in the morning." Holly undid her hair and let the golden curls kiss her shoulders in a sexy bounce. Caboose followed close behind, not from testosterone, but from the need of sleep.

They laid down, and fell to the sweet promises of sweet dreams quickly.

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Agent Alaska was a proven Freelancer. Once the hospital cleared her for duty, she set about getting a partner. She wasn't allowed a mission list until she had one, and she was determined to get to the top of the board. After all, if you weren't on the board, you didn't matter.

"Is there anyone available to team up with me?" she looked about the locker room. York was shining his new helmet, careful to leave no smudges. Maine and Washington were always a team, she knew that much. North and South Dakota were already locked in together. They had to be; they were siblings, for God's sake! Tex didn't work with others. Well, no one really wanted to work with her anyway. She was a bit of a bitch, to be honest.

"You might want to check the other states. I hear Nevada is available." Washington was always there to lead her in the right direction.

"EW, have you talked to the guy? He's a total dick," Alaska wasn't interested in him. Maybe she would check out what contacts were left. She waved goodbye over her shoulder as she went to the leader board. Beside every active agent besides Texas, there was a small icon. It was either red or blue, depending on their activities as of late, whether they were fit for duty. She ignored both of these, and went for the blank spaces in between. Her pickings were slim. Only Nevada, New Hampshire, herself, Louisiana, Iowa, and Ohio. For some reason, her eyes lingered on Ohio. She'd never been to the real state, she had no real clue as to how it came to pass that she pressed her finger to the name.

A small file about Agent Ohio popped up from her touch. The picture provided shed little light towards the identity, as the standard blue helmet was in place. Apparently, the person was a guy who had family on the moon. That was some expensive real estate, especially since only half of the moon was habitable, even after the air lock system in place. He was a sniper by trade, and very skilled with mechanics. All in all, a really smart guy. He hadn't seen any field action as of late because he was always stuck doing the reconnaissance missions, and lately they were deemed unnecessary due to Texas stepping in and having full information already.

"Am I really that interesting?" a voice whispered in her ear.

"Oh God!" Alaska slammed herself into the screen, cracking it. "Don't scare me like that!"

A tall man in blue armor stood before her. His helmet was off, showing his light blonde hair sweeping across his forehead. His blue eyes matched his armor, and they shone with glee.

"Sorry. It's kind of fun." he held out his hand to shake. "Hi, I'm Agent Ohio. But you can call me Caboose."

6. Reconciliation 6

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Holly shot out of bed, a cold sweat gluing her golden tresses to her head. Her eyes ran a quick scan of the room, finding nothing fully familiar except the man sleeping in the cot next to hers. He was still firmly entrenched in his sleeping fantasies, his light blonde hair sweeping across his forehead in a way most familiar to her. Holly raised a hand to her lips in horror. She knew where she had heard his name before. This was her old partner. This was Caboose from the Moon.

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Holly did everything she could to avoid Caboose, but it was no use. Years of following Church around let him know all of the possible hiding places. He had a feeling that it was his fault she was so antisocial, but not directly.

She was feeling that he was going to figure out where he had heard her name before, but she wasn't sure how he would take it. After all, it was her fault he was here. It was her fault that he was this way.

Caboose seemed to appear out of nowhere, and she jumped in her fright.

"Hi, Ms. Alaska," Caboose paused for a moment. "For some reason, Alaska reminds me of Ohio. I don't know why, though." he glanced at something shiny poking out of Holly's armor. It was a necklace charm on the chain of her dogtags, shaped like a sniper rifle. "What's that?" It seemed so familiar to him, like he had seen so many times before, but the memory of it eluded him.

Holly's hand jumped up to the charm, holding it tightly like a child's security blanket. "It... It was something my old partner gave me in celebration of our first successfully completed mission. He was thoughtful like that."

"Was?"

"He died." Holly quickly lied. She couldn't bear to tell him. Not now, anyway. "In a terrible accident. It was my fault." Her voice cracked, and Caboose held her while she thought of Agent Ohio and their first mission.

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"Remember, Alaska, this is not about stealth or speed. This is about getting what we came here for. I don't want you giving away our position yet, though. Let's get the program first, then blaze a trail out of this hellhole." Ohio's voice filtered through the radio's closed channel.

Alaska nodded, knowing that he was watching her every move closely. The new tech in her lilac armor granted her extra strength, but it did nothing for her speed. She needed to be light on her feet and quiet as a silent night. Upon the rooftops, she glanced at the map Ohio sent her via channel connection. It lit up the inside of her helmet, but didn't illuminate past the polarized visor. The map moved to show where she was, signified by a purple dot. Another dot, this one blue, showed where Ohio was sitting with the sniper rifle.

"Alright. We are here," Ohio was speaking to her through the radio once more. He was a stickler for plans. "And the program is being stored in the facility somewhere over here." The map moved to the building next to the one she was perched on, a warehouse overhanging the canyon. It was a steel plated monstrosity, and had guards everywhere on all of its flat surfaces, inside and out. Those were highlighted by bright red dots, which took up a majority of the map. "All you have to do is quietly and quickly get the program, then alert me. Let me know if someone sees you on the way there or while you're getting the target. I'll take them out if you can't. Then we alert York for pickup, and the pelican will be on its way while we shoot us up some guards."

"Yeah, yeah, I'm on it," Alaska waved her arm in a dismissive manner, then leapt onto the roof behind an air conditioning unit. Twelve guards were circling.

"You know what I could go for? Hot chocolate." one of the guards spoke to another guard.

"Tough shit. You know how many times other people get you stuff while you're up here? None. Ask someone to get you a damn twinkie while you're inside, and six people will bring you one. The roof shift is the suckiest one here!"

"Sorry. Just sayin', you don't have to be such a bitch," the first guard said. Alaska grew bored of their conversation and stayed in the shadows as she made her way to the door leading inside. She opened it, only to have a guard pause.

"Did you hear that?" one whipped his head around, trying to find the source of the creak.

She heard Ohio use his voice modulator to copy one of the guard's voices as he tuned into their radio frequency. "Nope. Must've been the wind."

"Yeah, I guess you're right." the guard replied, unaware of his foolishness. "Never mind."

Alaska nodded and slipped inside, feeling the warmth of the heavy machinery being used. Whatever they were doing here, it was very complicated and illegal. That gave her reason to pause. What would the Director want with illegal tech? Not that anything they had was

completely legal, but this, this was something different altogether. Genetic testing. Gene splicing already living beings. Creating supersoldiers. She didn't like the look of this. But she had a job to do, and dammit, she wasn't going to blow it for some antiquated morals.

"Alaska, report." Ohio ordered over the radio.

"I'm in," she whispered back. "It looks like this is a genetic testing facility."

"Never mind that. We have orders to follow. Here, I've got a safe-ish path for you to follow." The map that she had been following highlighted a pathway. It was long and definitely not safe looking.

"Ohio, I'm not following that. It looks like a death wish. I'll just keep to the shadows, thanks." Alaska placed her hands on her hips, and tilted her head to the side. She was assessing the situation. "The target is just around the corner. It's easier if I just go over there instead of all this sneaking around up and down air shafts. Besides, I'll get infected with some kind of fume that'll turn me green or something."

She slipped behind a group of guards, careful not to alert them to her presence. The computer was within arms reach. She was so close! Alaska managed to switch out the program for the virus they were assigned to implant in the system. "I've got it. The virus is in place. All is clear."

"Great! We make a great team, Alaska. Just like chocolate and peanut-" Ohio started, and Alaska smiled. She finished the saying with "Candy!" just to screw with him.

"What? Chocolate and Peanut Candy?" Ohio thought for a moment, "You know, that actually sounds really good. Like Reese's or something."

At that moment, an alarm sounded, warning lights flashed, washing the warehouse grounds in red light.

"Um, Ohio." Alaska pulled out her rifle. "I was seen."

"No, you think?" Ohio's sarcasm was washed out with gunfire. "I'm picking them off before they get to you. Move, Alaska, MOVE! Get where I can find you!"

"Get to ze choppa!" Alaska mocked him in an action movie voice. Weird music started playing. "What the hell? Is that music?"

At that moment, a warthog busted through the doors, the weird song playing over the radio. They ran over teammates trying to get to Alaska, and she fired pot shots trying to get away. She picked up a sniper rifle on her way out, meeting up with Ohio as she ran.

"What the hell? Where did they get a car? What the hell is that music?" Ohio was not pleased, but was still slightly amused at the song choice, a cross between polka and Latino, if it could be described at all.

"I don't know! But I think I can take them! Cover me!" Alaska flung herself onto the warthog, and put the sniper rifle against the gunman's head. His brains were splattered across the side of the building as Alaska took out the man in the passenger's seat. The last guard had no chance. She jammed the muzzle of the rifle under his helmet and fired. His visor turned pink and red in an instant.

"Jesus, Alaska! You're dangerous with that thing!" Ohio gaped at her as she rammed the man's body against the radio, busting it. She used his weight to keep the gas on, and drove it over several more guards. Alaska jumped off just as it went over the edge.

"I have to be. We can't fail this mission, Ohio. This is what we do." She grabbed her handgun from a holster on her hip and fired off twelve rounds in three guards. Then she took the last one's gun and shot through another man's breastplate. Instead of a clean getaway, they were leaving a bloody trail. In the distance, the Pelican was touching ground.

"York's here! C'mon, we have to keep moving!" Ohio grabbed Alaska's hand as they ran, and a blush ran across Alaska's helmeted face.

"I'm running as fast as I can, you're the Caboose!" Alaska joked as she ran ahead.

"Oh, ha ha, very funny." Ohio's sarcasm was back in full force.

End
file.